

JULY
52 PAGES

ADVENTURE MYSTERY THRILLS

CROWN

10

AUTHORIZED
A. C. M. P.

CONFORMS
to the
COMICS
CODE

NO.
19

COMICS

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Message to Parents

IF POLIO HITS YOUR AREA THIS YEAR...

SEE THAT YOUR CHILDREN...

AVOID Crowds and New Contacts in trains, buses or boats, if possible; avoid crowded places where one may be close to another's breath or cough.

AVOID Over-Fatigue. Too active play, late hours, worry, irregular living schedules may invite a more serious form of the disease.

AVOID Swimming in water which has not been declared safe by your health department.

AVOID Chilling. Take off wet clothes and shoes at once. Keep dry shoes, sweaters, blankets and coats handy for sudden weather changes.

Keep clean. Wash hands after going to toilet and before eating. Keep food covered and free from flies and other insects. Burn or bury garbage not tightly covered. Avoid using another's pencil, handkerchief, utensil or food touched by soiled hands.

QUICK ACTION MAY PREVENT CRIPPLING

Call Your Doctor at once if there are symptoms of headache, nausea, upset stomach, muscle soreness or stiffness, or unexplained fever.

Take His Advice if he orders hospital care; early diagnosis and prompt treatment are important and may prevent crippling.

Consult Your Chapter of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis for help. Your Chapter (see local telephone book or health department for address) is prepared to pay that part

of the cost of care and treatment you cannot meet—including transportation, after-care and such aids as wheelchairs, braces and other orthopedic equipment. This service is made possible by the March of Dimes.

Remember, facts fight fears. Half or more of those having the disease show no after-effects; another fourth recover with very slight crippling. A happy state of mind tends toward health and recovery. Don't let your anxiety or fear reach your children. Your confidence makes things easier for you and for others.



Cut out and keep for reference.

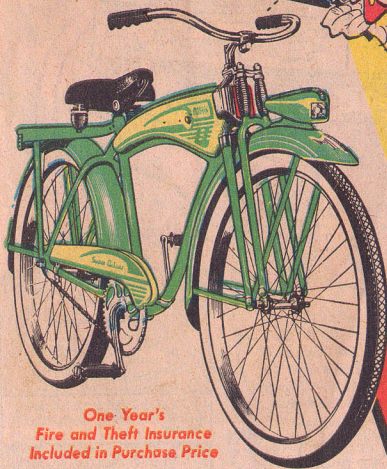
THIS INFORMATION IS PREPARED BY

THE NATIONAL FOUNDATION FOR INFANTILE PARALYSIS

120 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 5, N. Y.

CAN YOU
FIND THE

Secret Clues TO MONARK'S POPULARITY?



**One Year's
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Included in Purchase Price**

● Find the **SECRET CLUES** to Monark's tremendous popularity and win a colorful "Air-Wing" Label Button. Why do YOU want a Monark Super Deluxe? Answer **THAT** question and you'll probably have the **SECRET CLUES** to Monark's popularity. You will win the "Air-Wing" Label Button that makes YOU a member of the nationwide "Air-Wing" Club.

THESE HINTS MAY HELP YOU

1. Smart new "Safety-Gard" saddle rail and gleaming new "Silver-Wing" fender crest
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17. Extra long, extra deep, extra strong mud guards; sprocket-to-sprocket chain guard
18. One full year's fire and theft insurance included with every new Monark bicycle

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*Super
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● America's finest, most popular and fastest selling bicycle! Stronger . . . faster . . . safer . . . and more beautiful than ever before. More and more exciting new features . . . more and classier color combinations . . . more and even greater value. Boys' and girls' models . . . regular and junior sizes. Big colorful folder shows and describes the complete line. Get your free copy NOW!



For the name of the closest
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by number and ask for

INSIST ON A **MONARK**

OPERATOR

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MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

Dept. C-118, Monark Silver King, Inc.
6501 W. Grand Ave., Chicago 35, Ill.

THE SECRET CLUES TO MONARK'S POPULARITY ARE:

(Identify your selections in the order of their importance to you, by inserting here the numbers shown with hints at right, above).

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

SEND COLORFUL NEW FREE FOLDER! WHETHER OR NOT I WIN
"AIR-WING" LABEL BUTTON.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

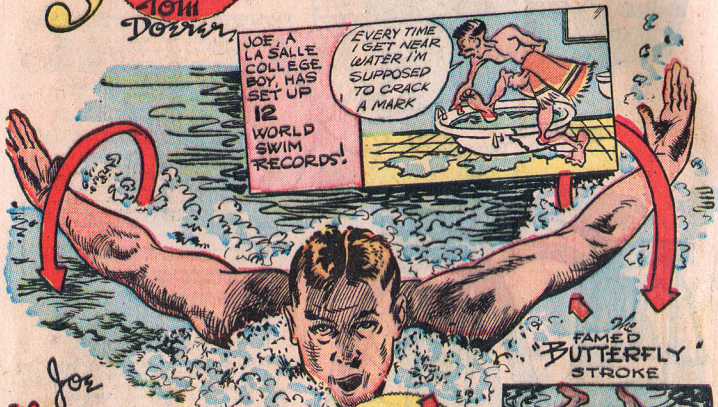
SPORTOPICS

by
Tom
Dorner

THE COLLEGIATE WHO USES
A DRAMATIC, MAN-KILLING
BREAST-STROKE AT A PACE
UNMATCHED OVER THE WORLD!

JOE, A
LA SALLE
COLLEGE
BOY, HAS
SET UP
12
WORLD
SWIM
RECORDS!

EVERY TIME
I GET NEAR
WATER I'M
SUPPOSED
TO CRACK
A MARK



THE
FAMED
"BUTTERFLY"
STROKE

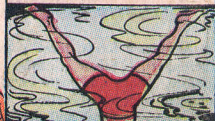
Joe
VERDEUR

OLYMPIC and WORLD
RECORD SMASHER IN THE
200-METER BREAST-STROKE.

JOE BRINGS
HIS ARMS OUT OF
THE WATER AND
PREPARES TO
SWEEP THEM
FORWARD



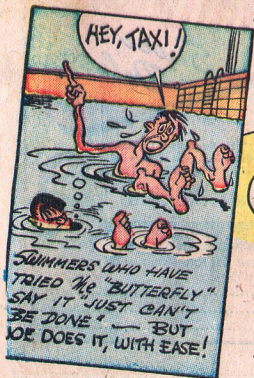
SPEED! JOE GETS AWAY
WITH THE FROG-KICK,
Then.....



ADOPTS A SCISSOR-LIKE
POSTURE TO.....



KNIFE THRU THE WATER
WITH SUPERSONIC SPEED
AND DIRECTION!



SWIMMERS WHO HAVE
TRIED THE "BUTTERFLY"
SAY IT "JUST CAN'T
BE DONE" — BUT
JOE DOES IT, WITH EASE!

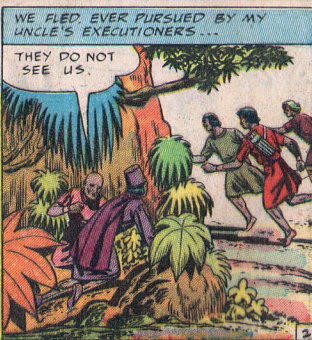
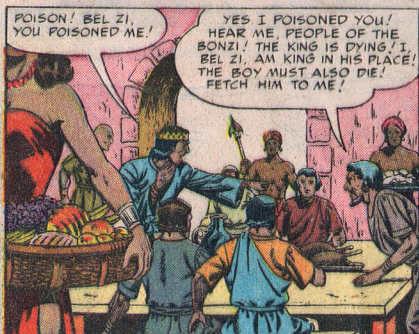
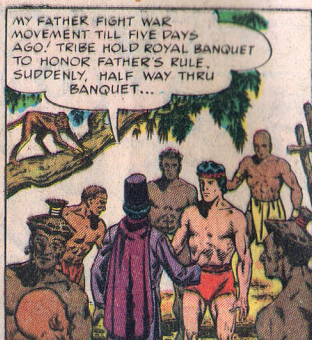
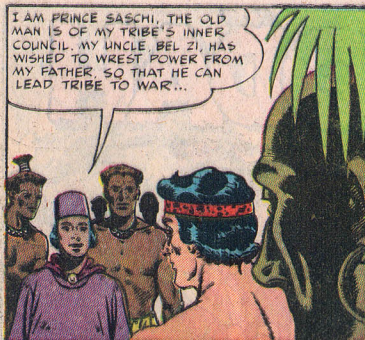


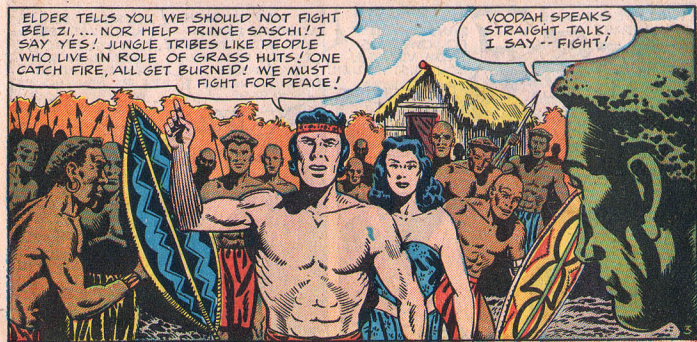
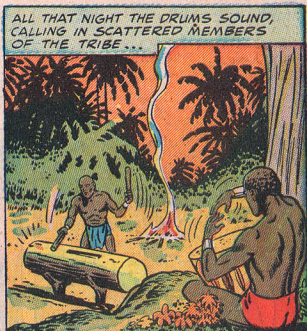
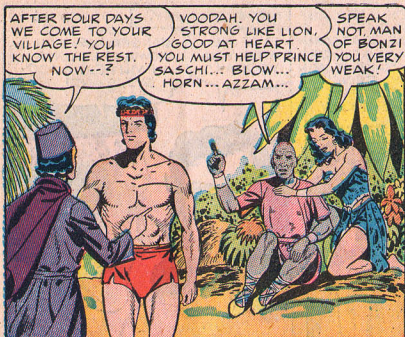
NO? THEN
I DO IT!

IT CAN'T
BE DONE!

VERDEUR IS TOUGHEST
AND SUREST WHEN
THE CHIPS ARE DOWN—
THAT'S CHAMP PHILOSOPHY!









FIGHT!
FIGHT!

VOODAH WINS!
TRIBE GOES
TO WAR.

NOT TRIBE, ONLY VOODAH
AND A FEW PICKED
WARRIORS. PRINCE SASCHI
WILL GUIDE US TO TEMPLE OF
AZZAM! WE WILL TAKE IT IN
SURPRISE ATTACK. PRINCE
BLOW SACRED HORN, OWN
PEOPLE HELP OVERTHROW
BEL ZI.

LATER THAT DAY...
TAKE ME
WITH YOU,
VOODAH!

NO! WAY IS
LONG AND
DANGEROUS. YOU
WOMAN! BELONG
IN VILLAGE. GOOD-
BYE, ZANZI.



MAYBE VOODAH THINK I STAY
IN VILLAGE, BUT I WON'T! I
NOT LET HIM GO TO DANGER
ALONE!

MANY MILES LATER...

SOON WE COME TO PLAINS.
MANY MILES ACROSS THIS,
HILL COUNTRY STARTS. THEN
COMES MOMAMBI MOUNTAINS.
WHEN WE REACH THEM--MUST
TRAVEL ONLY BY NIGHT.

YES! BEL ZI WILL
HAVE MEN WATCHING
PASSES.
I....?

VOODAH!



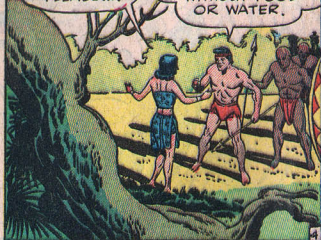
WHO SPEAKS NAME
OF VOODAH?

ME!

ZANZI! YOU
ZANZI! YOU
FOLLOWED US
FROM VILLAGE!
YOU MUST RETURN!

NO SEND ME BACK,
VOODAH! ZANZI
WILL BE NO TROUBLE.
I COOK FOR YOU,
FETCH WATER,
STAND GUARD!
PLEASE....!

ALL RIGHT! BUT
YOU MUST KEEP
UP WITH PARTY.
TRAVEL AS WE
TRAVEL. THERE
WILL BE LONG HOURS
WITHOUT FOOD
OR WATER.



HO! THERE'S
PRINCE SASCHI!
BEL ZI SAY KILL!
I OBEY!

STOP, FOOL! SEE YOU NOT,
THAT VOODAH LEADS PARTY?
BEL ZI CAN HAVE THEM ALIVE!
WE TRAVEL FAST TO BONZI
VILLAGE AND TELL HIM.

THROUGH THE JUNGLES AND OVER THE
PLAINS VOODAH'S PARTY, HEADED FOR
FOOTHILLS OF THE MOMAMBI MOUNTAIN
RANGE

WE WILL REACH HILLS
BY SUNSET. MOST OF
JOURNEY FINISHED
THEN

THE BONZI WARRIORS GO AHEAD
TO WARN BEL ZI...

ON THE FOURTH DAY OF THEIR JOURNEY.

THERE IS PASS WE
MUST TRAVEL. A
DAYS JOURNEY.
ALONG IT IS
BONZI VILLAGE.

IT IS GOOD! WE WILL
REST HERE UNTIL
DARK, THEN PUSH
ON TO VILLAGE. AT
SUNUP TOMORROW WE
HIDE AND PLAN ATTACK
ON TEMPLE!

MEANWHILE AT BEL ZI'S PALACE...

THESE MEN HAVE
SOMETHING TO SAY.
IT CONCERNS THE
PRINCE!

I ORDERED
THEM TO
KILL THEM.
LET THEM
SPEAK!

PRINCE SASCHI
STILL LIVES! WE
FOUND HIM ONLY
THREE SUNS AGO!

STILL LIVES?
YOU FOOL...!

HEAR ME OUT.
HE STILL LIVES
BECAUSE VOODAH
AND WAR PARTY
WITH HIM. THEY ARE
COMING THIS WAY.

HA! PRINCE
SASCHI GET
HELP FROM
VOODAH'S
TRIBE!

AYE, BUT ONLY
TEN WARRIORS
FOLLOW HIM!

SO...! I THINK THEY COME
TO MAKE RAID ON TEMPLE.
DOUBLE TEMPLE GUARDS!
SET MEN AT MOUNTAIN PASS
TO WARN OF VOODAH'S
APPROACH! THE PRINCE
AND VOODAH WILL DIE, BUT
AT MY LEISURE AND FOR MY
ENTERTAINMENT!



MEANWHILE. UNAWARE OF THE BREWING
TROUBLE...

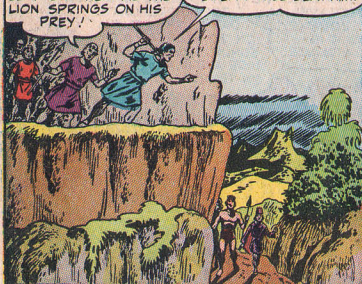
WE HAVE ALREADY
MADE MANY MILES.
THE VILLAGE OF THE
BONZI IS BUT TWO
HOURS JOURNEY NOW.

WE MUST TRAVEL
SILENTLY! NO TALK,
NO SCRAPING OF
WEAPONS AGAINST
BRUSH OR ROCK!
EVEN A STRAY WORD
CAN BETRAY US!



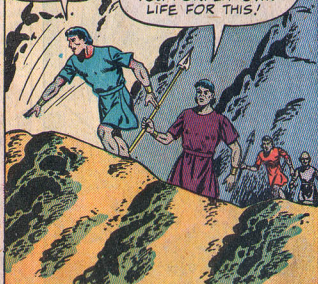
WHEN OUR ENEMY
PASSES BELOW US,
LEAP ON THEM AS THE
LION SPRINGS ON HIS
PREY!

HO PRINCE STANDS CLEAR
IN MOONLIGHT! MY
SPEAR WILL SLAY HIM!



FLY STRAIGHT,
O' SPEAR!

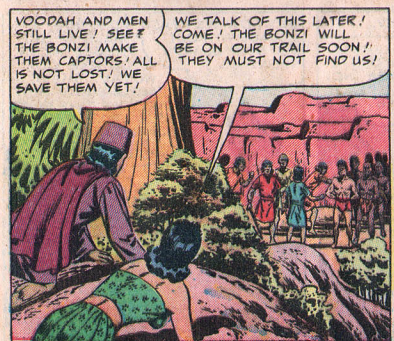
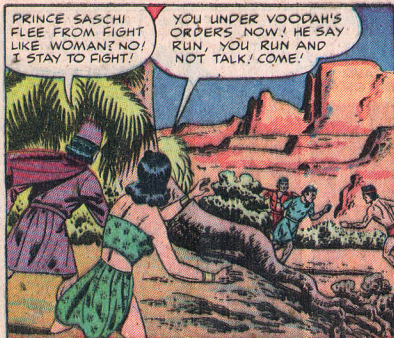
FOOL! OUR RULER
WANTS BOY ALIVE!
YOU FORFEIT OWN
LIFE FOR THIS!



BEL ZI'S WARRIORS
ATTACK US! GIVE
ME WEAPON!

NO! TAKE ZANZI
AND HIDE!
GO! GO!



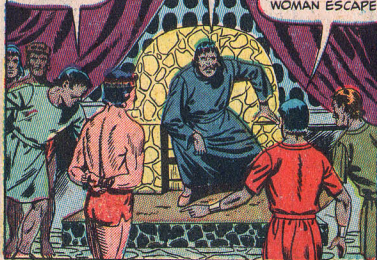


VOODAH AND HIS MEN ARE TAKEN BEFORE BEL ZI.

WE BRING YOU THE MIGHTY VOODAH.

AYE! BUT WHERE IS PRINCE SASCHI?

THE PRINCE AND WOMAN ESCAPED!



ESCAPED? FOOL! FIND HIM! AND BRING HIM TO ME!

MERCY! I SWEAR HE WILL BE CAPTURED!



YOU NEVER FIND PRINCE SASCHI! BUT HE FIND YOU, AND THEN YOU DIE!

CLOSE YOUR MOUTH, DOG. IMPRISON CAPTIVES IN ROYAL DUNGEONS! WHEN PRINCE SASCHI AND WOMAN ARE CAPTURED, ALL DIE TOGETHER!



MOVE!

THE BONZI BRAVE MEN! EVEN THEY FEAR VOODAH THEY FEAR NOT... WHEN HE IS HELPLESS.

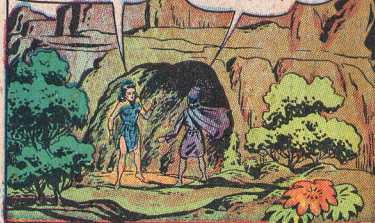
QUIET!



MEANWHILE, PRINCE SASCHI AND ZANZI...

YOU KNOW BONZI VILLAGE AND PALACE WHERE WILL BEL ZI TAKE VOODAH? HOW WE HELP HIM?

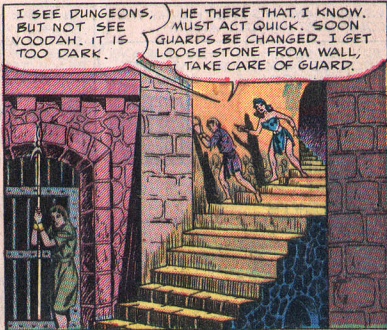
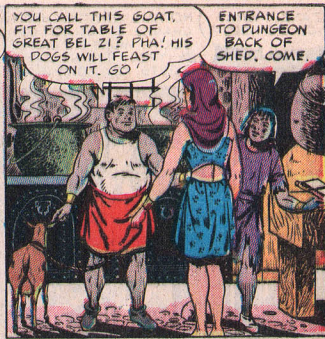
PRISONERS KEPT IN ROYAL DUNGEONS! I KNOW PASSAGE NOT USED NOW WE REACH DUNGEON, FREE VOODAH!

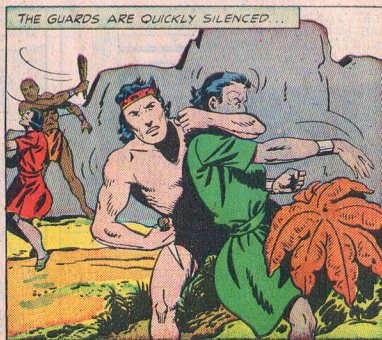
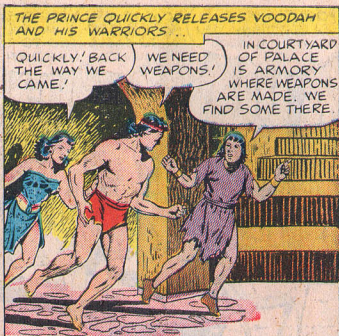


BUT HOW WE REACH VILLAGE WITHOUT BEL ZI'S GUARDS SEEING US?

DISGUISE! I MAKE UP LIKE RAGGED URCHIN, YOU LIKE OLD WOMAN! SMEAR FACE AND HAIR WITH DIRT! WE TAKE GOAT TO PALACE! TELL GUARDS IT FOR BEL ZI'S TABLE!



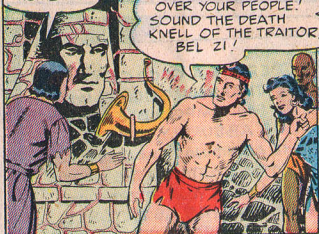




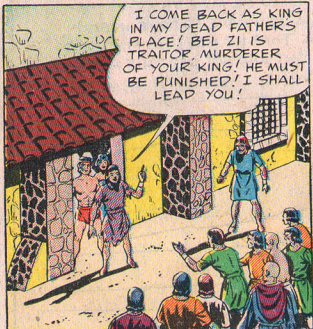
AT LAST, THE PRINCE STANDS BEFORE
THE SACRED HORN OF AZZAM!

THE HORN! IF ONLY
ELDER COUNCIL COULD
BE HERE IN THIS
MOMENT!

BLOW THE HORN,
PRINCE OF THE
BONZI, AND TAKE
YOUR RIGHTFUL PLACE
OVER YOUR PEOPLE!
SOUND THE DEATH
KNELL OF THE TRAITOR.
BEL ZI!



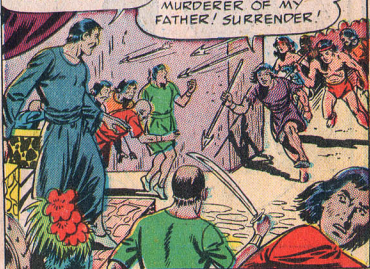
I COME BACK AS KING
IN MY DEAD FATHER'S
PLACE! BEL ZI IS
TRAITOR, MURDERER
OF YOUR KING! HE MUST
BE PUNISHED! I SHALL
LEAD YOU!



PRINCE SASCHI LEADS THE BONZI WARRIORS IN
AN ATTACK ON THE PALACE...

PRINCE SASCHI!

KING SASCHI, O' UNCLE,
MURDERER OF MY
FATHER! SURRENDER!

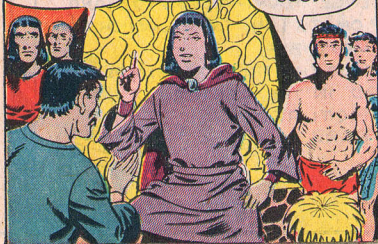


... AND RESUMES HIS RIGHTFUL PLACE ON THE
BONZI THRONE...

MERCY, KING
SASCHI! HAVE
MERCY ON ME!

LIKE YOU HAVE
MERCY ON MY
FATHER? TAKE
HIM AWAY!

HOW QUICKLY
THE BOY HAS
BECOME THE
MAN! IT IS
GOOD!



THE NEXT MORNING...

I'M SAD YOU LEAVE.
CARRY FRIENDSHIP
OF ME AND MY
PEOPLE WITH YOU!

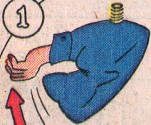
RULE YOUR
PEOPLE WELL!
LET THERE
ALWAYS BE
PEACE BETWEEN
YOUR PEOPLE
AND MINE! GOOD-
BYE AND MAY YOU
RULE LONG AND
WISELY!



STUNT PAGE

BALANCE A PILE OF COINS ON YOUR ELBOW, AS SHOWN IN SKETCH NO. 1, AND BRING YOUR ARM DOWN WITH A QUICK SWEEP, AS IN NO. 2. YOU WILL FIND THAT THE COINS WILL FALL IN YOUR HAND.

1



THIS TRICK REQUIRES A LITTLE PRACTICE.

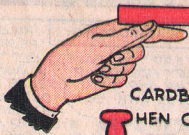
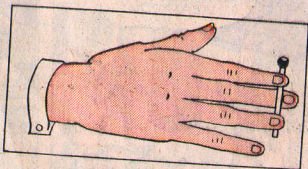


2

HERE IS A GOOD CATCH THAT YOUR FRIENDS WILL FIND IMPOSSIBLE AND YET IT SEEMS ABSURDLY SIMPLE.

TAKE AN ORDINARY WOODEN MATCH NOT A SAFETY, BUT THE LARGE SIZE - AND HAVE YOUR FRIEND HOLD IT IN HIS FINGERS AS PICTURED. HE CANNOT BREAK IT, NO MATTER HOW HARD HE MAY TRY.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS INSIST THAT HE KEEP HIS FINGERS STRAIGHT AND NOT REST HIS HAND ON ANYTHING.



TRY THIS TRICK ON YOUR FRIENDS. CUT A STRIP OF THIN STRAIGHT CARDBOARD ABOUT 8 IN. LONG AND 1 IN. WIDE.

THEN CHALLENGE YOUR FRIENDS TO STAND THE STRIP ON ITS LONG EDGE - WHICH, OF

COURSE, THEY WILL FIND IMPOSSIBLE.

YOU THEN PROCEED TO DO THE TRICK BY SIMPLY BENDING THE CARD IN THE CENTER

AS PICTURED HERE.



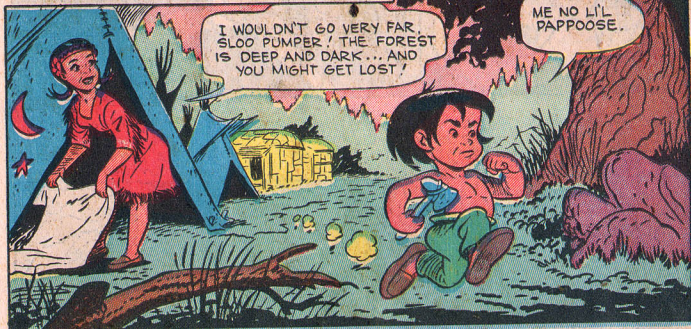
BEND HERE



A.W. NUGENT

Minnie Soo

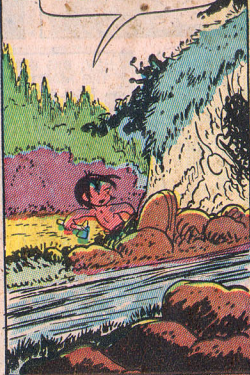
and **LITTLE HAHA**
With
SLOO PUMPER



HMMPH! LOST IN WOODS ... HAH! ME GREAT BIG WARRIOR. ME FIGHT ENEMIES IN OLD CAVE, ME JUMP MANY ENEMIES WITH TOMAHOWK. HMMPH! LOST IN WOODS!



HMMM! THERE IS OLD CAVE WITH SPRING RUNNING FROM MOUTH. NOW, FOR RAID ON ENEMY CAMP!



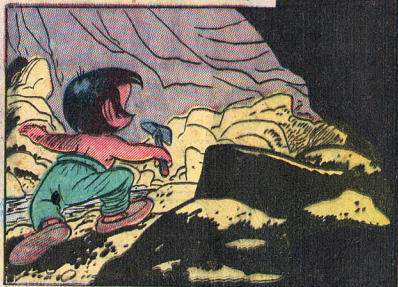
DARK IN THERE. MEBBE EVIL SPIRITS WAIT FOR ME. WHAT?? ME SMELL SMOKE!



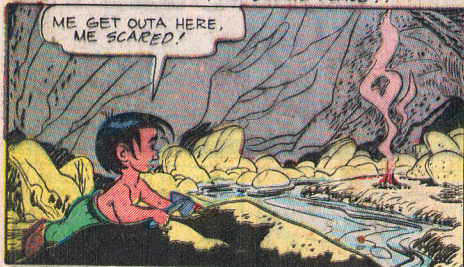
SOMETHING COOKING. WONDER WHO IN CAVE? SLOO PUMPER SNEAK IN AND SEE.



STEALTHILY HE ADVANCES, FOLLOWING THE DARK AND WINDING COURSE CUT THROUGH THE EARTH BY THE SPRING.

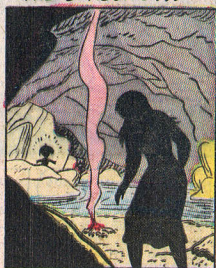


SOON, BEFORE SLOO PUMPER'S STARTLED EYES, THE CAVE WIDENS INTO A HUGE VAULT WHERE HE SEES A CAMPFIRE BURNING. HE KNEW SOMEONE ELSE MUST BE IN THIS DARK, FORBODING PLACE!!



ME GET OUTA HERE, ME SCARED!

BUT THEN SLOO PUMPER STOPS, AS A LONE FIGURE APPEARS FROM THE SHADOWS...

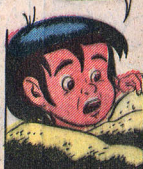


AND STAGGERS TO THE FIRESIDE WHERE SHE COLLAPSES.



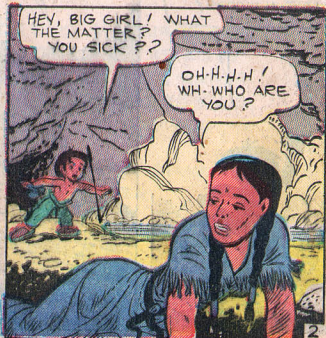
MY! MY! MY! A GIRL... A REAL LIVE GIRL IN THIS BAD CAVE!

SOMETHING WRONG WITH HER... ME THINK.



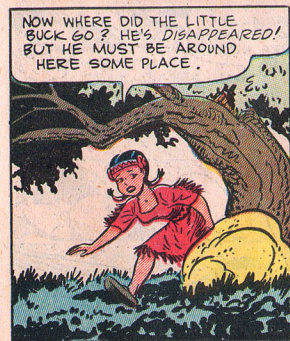
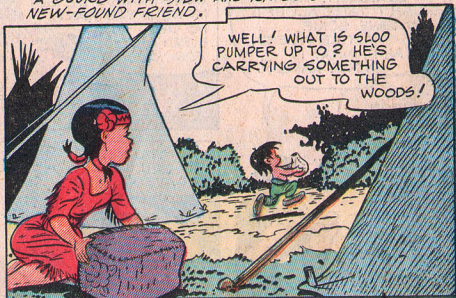
HEY, BIG GIRL! WHAT THE MATTER? YOU SICK??

OH-H-H-H! WH-WHO ARE YOU?

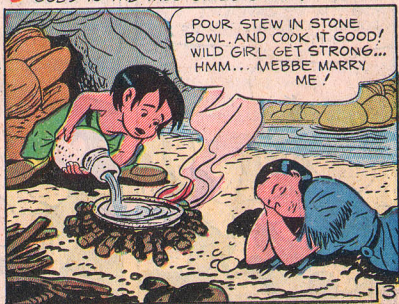




AFTER REACHING THE VILLAGE, SLOO PUMPER FILLS A GOURD WITH STEW AND RACES BACK TO HIS NEW-FOUND FRIEND.



SLOO PUMPER RE-ENTERS THE CAVE AND GOES TO THE WILD GIRL'S CAMP.





WILD CAVE GIRL
SURE PRETTY.
WILD GIRL MY
GIRL... ME TAKE
CARE OF HER!



IF WILD GIRL GO TO
VILLAGE, SHE FORGET
ME. SOME BIG SOO
BRAVE TAKE HER
FOR SQUAW... CAN'T
DO IT... GIRL STAY
HERE!



STEW HOT, PRETTY GIRL.
YOU DRINK AND GET STRONG
... ME HELP YOU!



MMMM... THAT IS GOOD!
OH SO GOOD... NO.
I CAN'T TAKE ALL OF IT...
YOU HAVE SOME.
LITTLE FRIEND.
AH-H, WHAT IS
YOUR NAME?

SLOO
PUMPER.
HEE, HEE!



FEEL BETTER?
WANT MORE? ME GET
MORE IF YOU WANT!
ME GET
EVERYTHING
FOR YOU.

I FEEL BETTER. I WAS
HUNGRY... I GUESS I'M
NOT VERY STRONG...
I HAVEN'T EATEN FOR
A LONG
TIME.



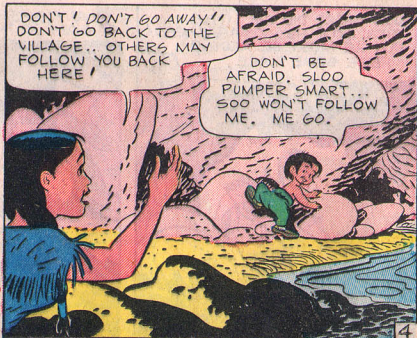
WHY YOU HERE?
WHY YOU LIVE
IN CAVE?



I DON'T REMEMBER MUCH...
ONLY THAT I FOUND THIS
FOR SHELTER.
I DON'T EVEN
REMEMBER
MY
NAME!

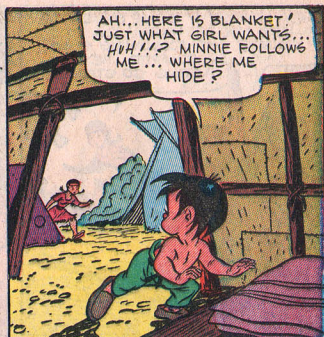


YOU STAY HERE.. DON'T
MOVE. ME GET BLANKET FOR
YOU... MAKE CAVE LIKE
LODGE FOR YOU. YOU BE
HAPPY.

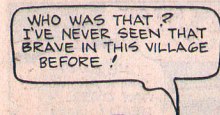
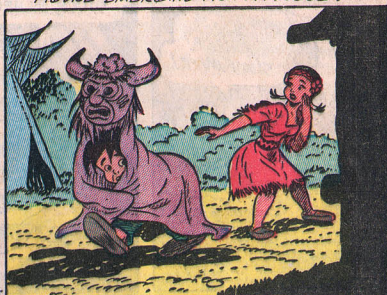


DON'T! DON'T GO AWAY!!
DON'T GO BACK TO THE
VILLAGE.. OTHERS MAY
FOLLOW YOU BACK
HERE!

DON'T BE
AFRAID. SLOO
PUMPER SMART...
SOO WON'T FOLLOW
ME. ME GO.

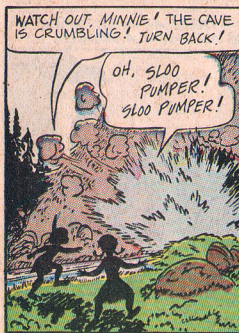
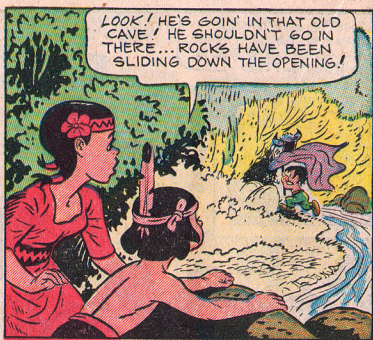
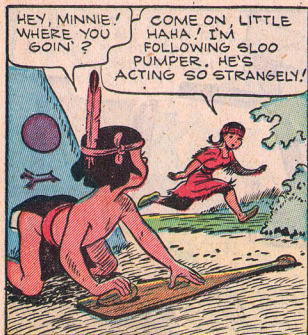


MINNIE STOPS TO STARE AT A STRANGE FIGURE EMERGING FROM A LODGE.



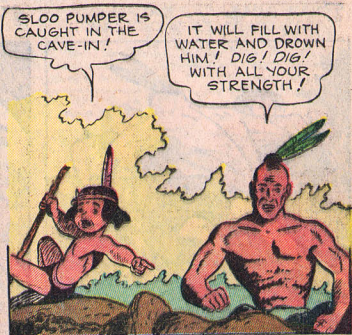
AT THE VILLAGE EDGE... SLOOP PUMPER THROWS ALL CAUTION TO THE WIND, AND RUNS FOR DEAR LIFE. BACK TO THE CAVE.



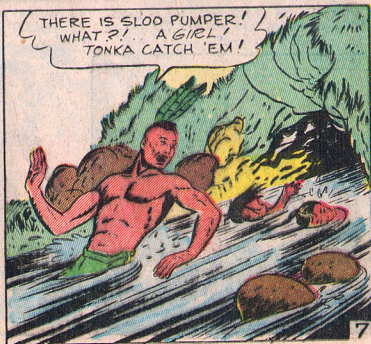
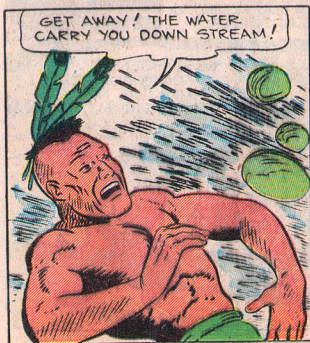
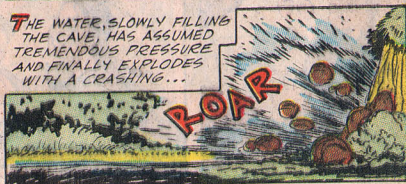


SLOWLY THE CREEK WATER RISES. THE WILD GIRL AND SLOO PUMPER FRANTICALLY LOOK FOR AN OPENING, REALIZING THEY WILL DROWN IF NO EXIT IS SOON FOUND.

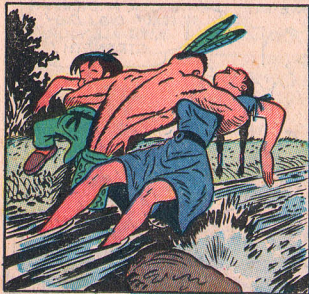




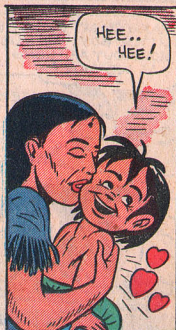
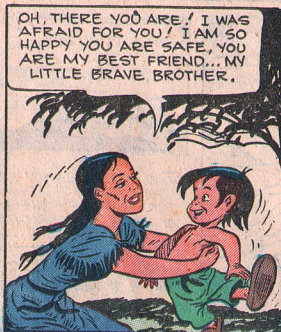
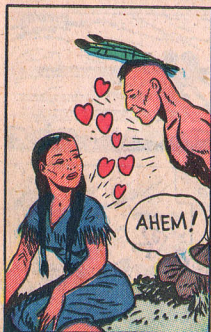
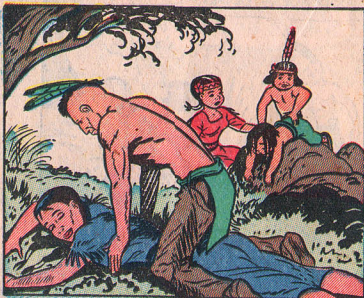
THE WATER, SLOWLY FILLING THE CAVE, HAS ASSUMED TREMENDOUS PRESSURE AND FINALLY EXPLODES WITH A CRASHING...



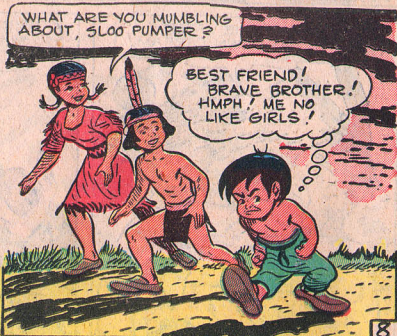
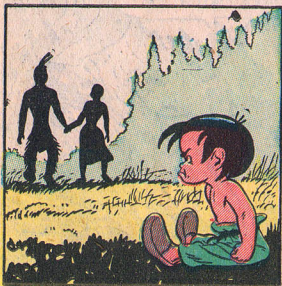
TONKA GRABS THE TWO FIGURES AND STRUGGLES TO DRY LAND.



THE GIRL AND SLOO PUMPER ARE REVIVED, AND THEN...



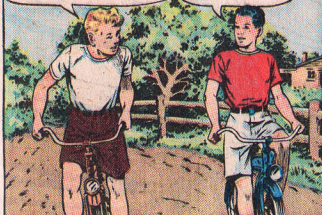
SO TONKA AND THE WILD GIRL GO HAND IN HAND TO THE VILLAGE.



From DUD to DYNAMO

IT WAS SWELL OF THE GIRLS TO INVITE US OVER TO THEIR CAMP FOR THE DAY-- BUT, **PHEWW!** IT SURE IS A LONG TRIP!

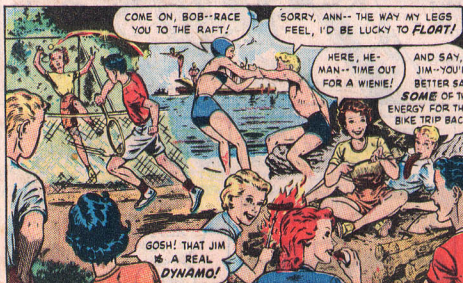
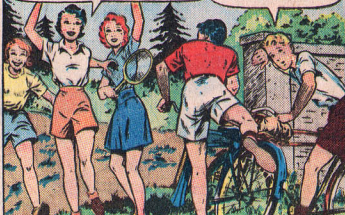
...AND WE'RE ONLY HALFWAY THERE, BOB-- SO KEEP THOSE PEDALS GOING!



FINALLY, SEVERAL MILES LATER...

WHAT DO YOU SAY, FELLAS-- LET'S PLAY SOME TENNIS BEFORE LUNCH...

YOU GO AHEAD, JIM-- I'VE GOT A LITTLE RESTING TO DO AFTER THAT BIKE-HIKE!



COME ON, BOB--RACE YOU TO THE RAFT!

SORRY, ANN-- THE WAY MY LEGS FEEL, I'D BE LUCKY TO **FLOAT!**

HERE, HE-- MAN-- TIME OUT FOR A WIEIE!

AND SAY, JIM--YOU'D BETTER SAVE **SOME** OF THAT ENERGY FOR THE BIKE TRIP BACK!

GOSH! THAT JIM IS A REAL **DYNAMO!**

'BYE, FELLAS-- DON'T FORGET NEXT WEEK!

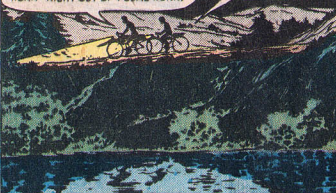
RIGHT... AND THANKS FOR A WONDERFUL DAY!

GEE, WHAT A DUD I WAS! BUT ALL THAT BIKING DID NT SEEM TO BOTHER **YOU** AT ALL, JIM... WHAT'S YOUR SECRET?



NOTHING SECRET ABOUT IT, BOB... IT'S MY **GILLETTE BIKE TIRES!** **EVERYBODY** WHO ENJOYS REAL BIKING COMFORT KNOWS ABOUT **GILLETTES**. THEY TAKE THE "WORK" RIGHT OUT OF PEDAL WORK!

I NEVER KNEW A BIKE TIRE COULD MAKE SUCH A DIFFERENCE... BUT I'M SURE GONNA FIND OUT!



THE FOLLOWING WEEK...

DON'T KNOW WHICH IS MORE RUGGED-- BOB OR HIS NEW **GILLETTES**... THEY'RE BOTH A BEAR FOR WEAR!

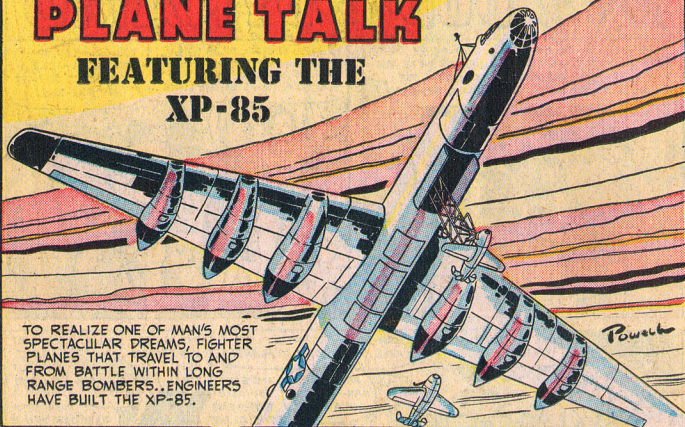


GILLETTE  **Bicycle Tires**

A BEAR FOR WEAR

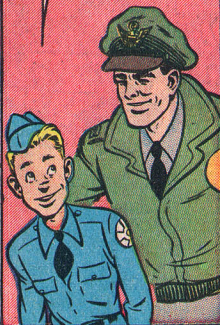
PLANE TALK

FEATURING THE XP-85



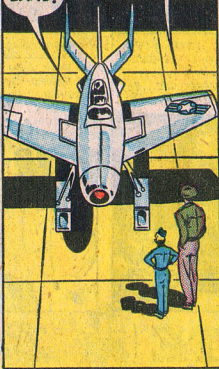
C/MON, KIP, LET'S TAKE A LOOK SEE AT THE AIR FORCE'S **XP-85**...THE TINY **JET JOB** THAT YOU'VE NICKNAMED THE **PARASITE**!

OH BOY!... LET'S GO! I'VE BEEN DYIN' TO SEE IT!

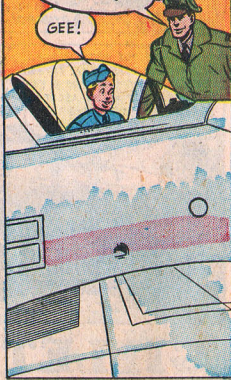


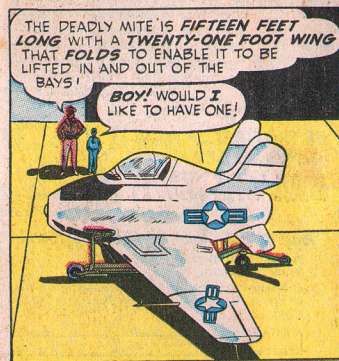
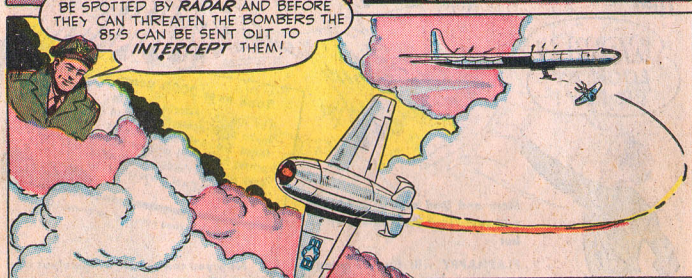
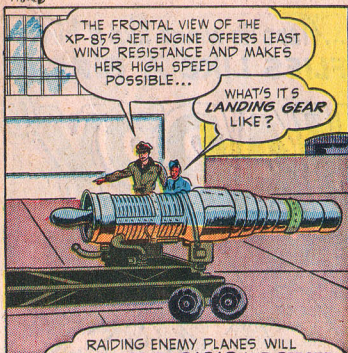
THERE SHE IS, KIP...NOT VERY **FORMIDABLE LOOKING** BUT... **GO ON**... CLIMB IN AND I'LL CHECK YOU OUT ON WHAT THIS BABY CAN DO!

SHOOT, CAPTAIN! I'M ALL EARS!



DON'T BE **SELF-CONSCIOUS**, KIP... **AHEM!** BUT SERIOUSLY... THE '**PARASITE**' TRAVELS BETTER THAN **600 MILES PER HOUR** AND UNLIKE OTHER FIGHTER PLANES NEEDS ONLY ENOUGH FUEL FOR **ACTUAL COMBAT FLYIN'**!





**FIRST
TIME
OFFER**

**Looks like a bird... flaps its wings like a bird...
ACTUALLY FLIES LIKE A BIRD !!!**

It's "FLAPHAPPY"

**the latest
scientific
marvel!**

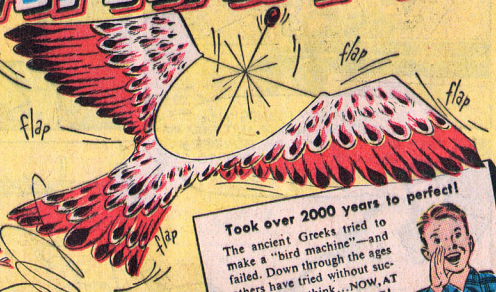
**WOWIE!
LOOK AT
'ER FLY!**



Mom and Dad and your friends
will say: "I just don't believe it!"—
but

FLAPHAPPY will flap its wings
just like a real bird and fly like
crazy around the room!

Greatest idea since Orville Wright's
flying machine! The experts just couldn't
believe their eyes when they first saw Flap-
happy! Because here's flapping wing motion
that really works!



Took over 2000 years to perfect!

The ancient Greeks tried to
make a "bird machine"—and
failed. Down through the ages
others have tried without suc-
cess. And just think... **NOW, AT
LAST, YOU CAN OWN ONE!**



Offer not good outside of continental U. S. A.

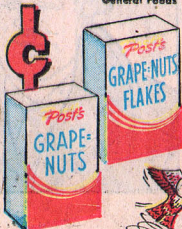
**Now you can have this marvelous new
toy for a song!** Ordinarily such an ex-
citing flying toy might be quite expensive.
But by special arrangement the makers of
GRAPE-NUTS and GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES
now offer these toys for **ONLY 15¢ AND A
BOX TOP** from either of these great cereals!!
Offer terminates December 31, 1949

IT'S ONLY

15¢

**AND THE TOP
FROM ONLY
ONE BOX OF
GRAPE-NUTS OR
GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES!**

Products of
General Foods



**BE THE FIRST OF YOUR
GANG TO GET IT —
MAIL THIS NOW!**



Rush Me that flappin', flyin' Flaphappy Bird!

Post's Cereals—Dept. H.—P.O. Box 259
Battle Creek, Mich.

Gentlemen, I'm enclosing 15¢ and the top from a box
of Grape-Nuts (or Grape-Nuts Flakes). Send my
Flaphappy!

MY NAME _____

STREET or RFD _____

CITY _____ **ZONE** _____ **STATE** _____

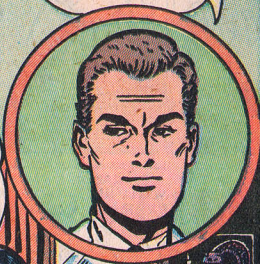
This offer void in any federal, state, or local municipality
where prohibited or otherwise restricted.



VIC CUTTER

THE TOUGHEST CASE I EVER WORKED ON BEGAN ONE NIGHT ALMOST TWO MONTHS AGO IN SAILOR BARNEY'S TATTOO PARLOR. JOE MARTIN, AN UNEMPLOYED CARNIVAL WORKER AND A CASUAL ACQUAINTANCE OF SAILOR'S, HAD COME IN WITH A JOB OF TATTOOING. THAT'S WHY I'VE ALWAYS CALLED THE EVENTS THAT FOLLOWED...

"THE CASE OF THE TATTOOED MAN"

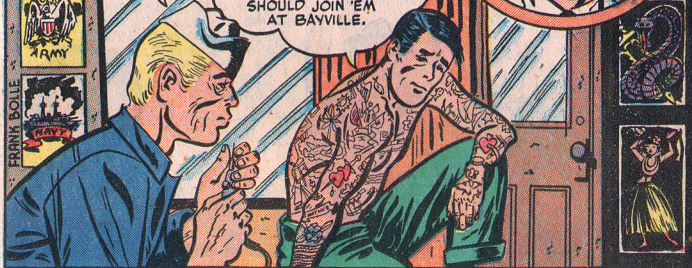


SO, YOU FIGGER ON TURNING YOUR TATTOOING INTO DOUGH NOW?

SURE! WHEN I SAW AN AD IN THIS MONTH'S ISSUE OF CARNIVAL BIZ FOR A TATTOOED MAN TO WORK WITH THE HAPPY HOOSIER SHOWS, I SENT OUT A WIRE TO 'EM QUICK! THIS MORNING, THEY WIRED ME THAT I'M HIRED AND I SHOULD JOIN 'EM AT BAYVILLE.



FRANK BOLLE

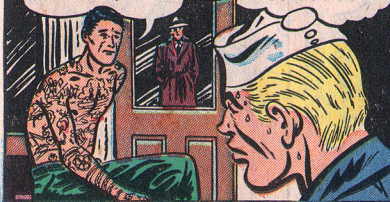


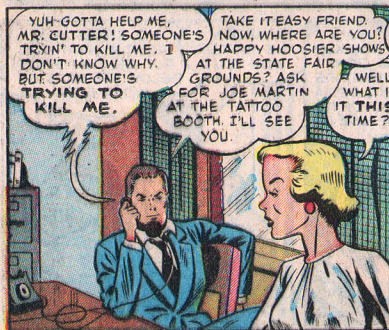
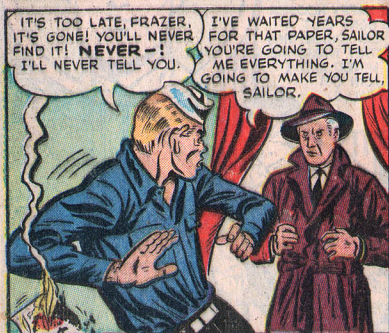
I BEEN COLLECTIN' TATTOO'S FOR YEARS BUT I DIDN'T HAVE ENOUGH TO QUALIFY FOR THE JOB! THAT'S WHY I ASKED YOU TO FIX ME UP. I KNOW --? WHAT'S UP? YOU LOOK LIKE YOU SAW A GHOST.

I-- I---! HE'S TRACKED ME DOWN! HE'LL WANT HIS SHARE! I GOTTA GET RID OF IT! I GOTTA HIDE IT!

SOMETHIN' THE MATTER WITH YOU?

NO, I WAS JUST FIGURIN' WHAT TO PUT ON THAT SPOT BELOW THE NAPE OF YOUR NECK.

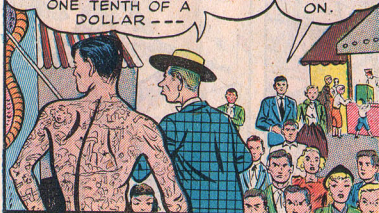




WE LOCATED THE CARNIVAL AND STROLLED DOWN IT'S MIDWAY TO THE TATTOOED MAN'S BOOTH...

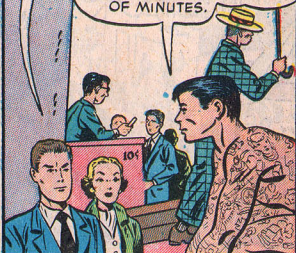
--- AND YOU SEE BEFORE YOUR EYES, THE VERY ZENITH IN TATTOOING ART. THIS IS BUT A SAMPLE OF THE AMAZING SPECTACLES IN THE STORE! FOR ONE DIME, FOLKS, ONE TENTH OF A DOLLAR ---

WE'LL TALK TO HIM BEFORE THE SHOW GOES ON.



JOE MARTIN? I'M VIC CUTTER

CUTTER! AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU. I GOTTA DO A SHOW NOW, BUT I'LL MEET YOU RIGHT HERE AFTER IT! ONLY BE A COUPLE OF MINUTES.



JOE MARTIN JOINED US AFTER THE SHOW, AND GAVE US HIS STORY...

THE FIRST ATTEMPT ON MY LIFE WAS MADE A WEEK AGO. I WAS STARTING TO CROSS BAYVILLE'S MAIN STREET, WHEN A CAR SWERVED AND TRIED TO RUN ME OVER. I JUST JUMPED IN TIME.

AND THE NEXT TRY?



YESTERDAY, I WAS PASSING THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING OF THE FAIR GROUND, WHEN AN IRON BAR, THROWN FROM THE ROOF, JUST MISSED MY HEAD! THAT'S WHAT REALLY SCARED ME. I KNEW THAT WASN'T AN ACCIDENT.

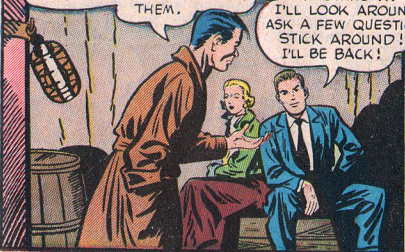
I AGREE. HOW ABOUT ENEMIES, THIS SAILOR BARNEY, FOR INSTANCE OR ONE OF YOUR CO-WORKERS?



SAILOR'S JUST A CASUAL ACQUAINTANCE. AS FOR CO-WORKERS - I HAVEN'T BEEN WITH THE CARNIVAL LONG ENOUGH TO MAKE ENEMIES OF ANY OF THEM.

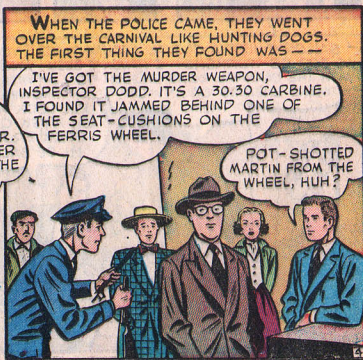
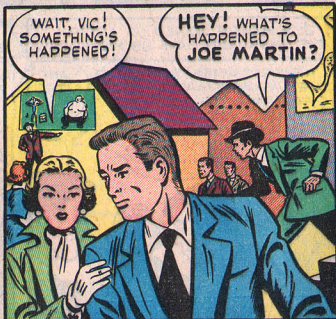
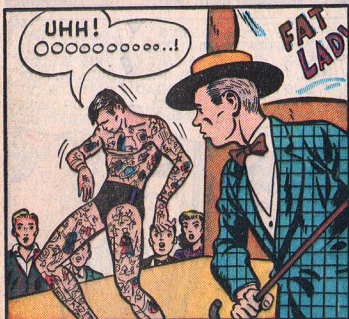
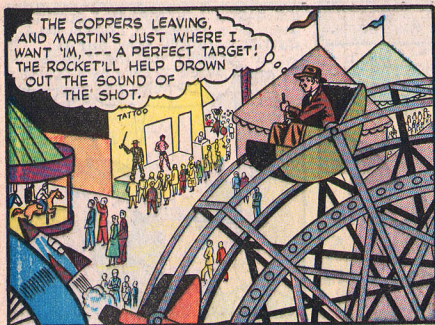
YOU MIGHT HAVE WITHOUT KNOWING IT.

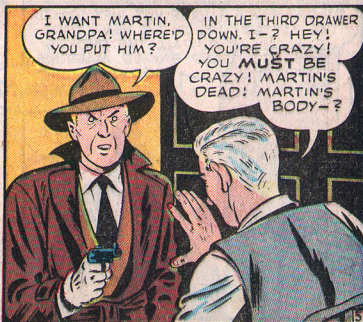
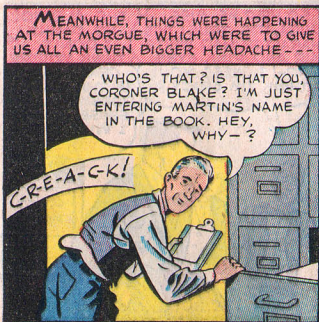
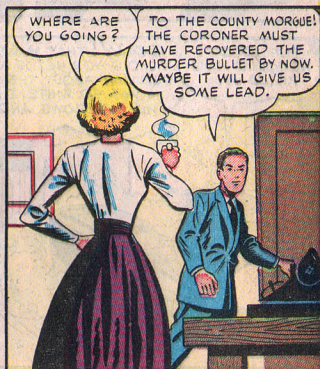
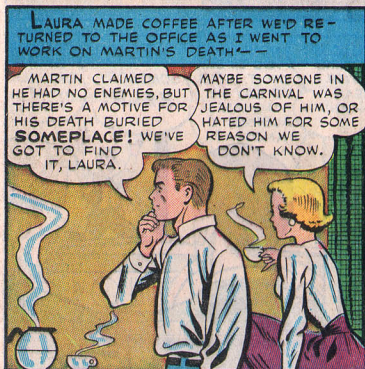
I'LL LOOK AROUND, ASK A FEW QUESTIONS. STICK AROUND! I'LL BE BACK!

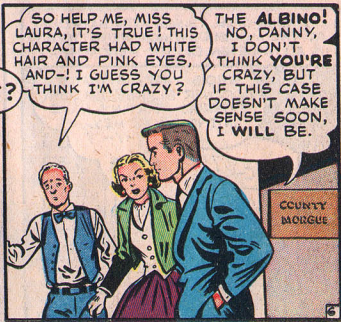
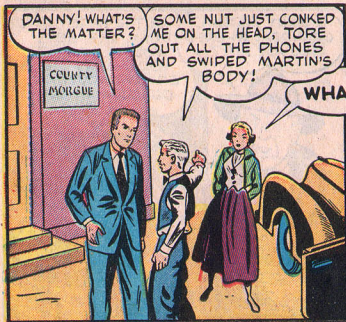
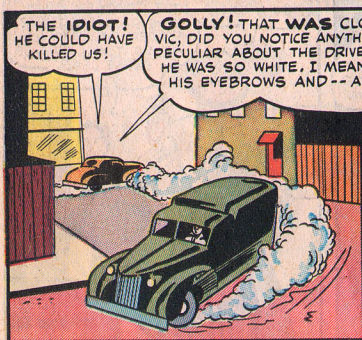
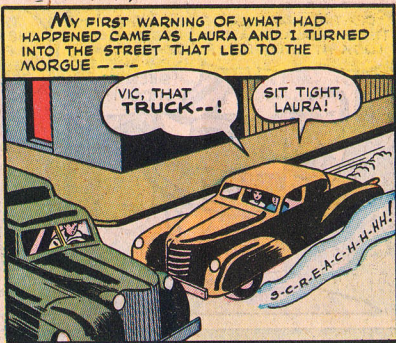
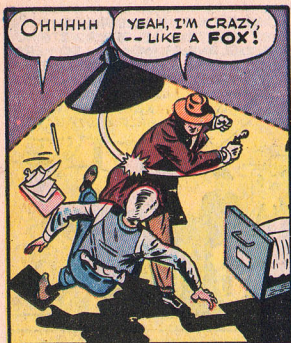


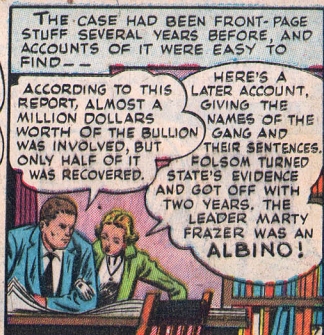
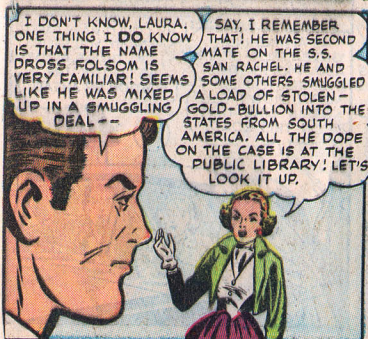
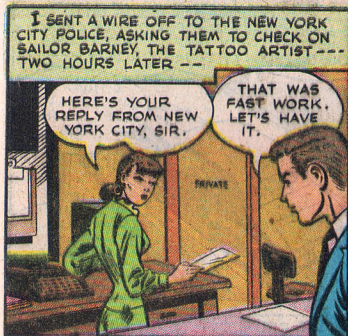
I KNOW NOW THAT I SHOULDN'T HAVE LEFT MARTIN. AT THE REAR OF THE MIDWAY WERE THE RIDES-- TILT-A-WHIRL, MERRY-GO-ROUND, ROCKET AND A FIFTY FOOT FERRIS WHEEL. I DIDN'T KNOW IT THEN, BUT THERE WAS SOMEONE ON THAT FERRIS WHEEL, WHO WASN'T ALONG FOR THE RIDE.

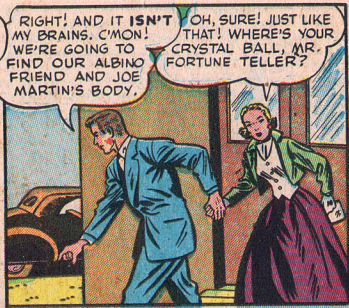






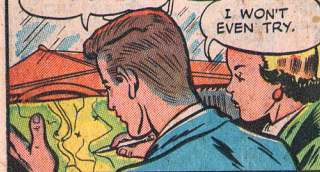




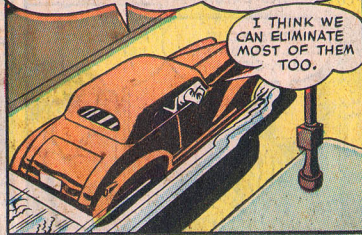


I SHOWED LAURA MY CRYSTAL BALL, AN ORDINARY ROAD MAP OF THE STATE ---

CAN YOU THINK OF ANYTHING **MORE** CONSPICUOUS THAN AN **ALBINO** CARTING A **DEAD BODY** AROUND IN A **GREEN PICK-UP TRUCK**, THE DESCRIPTION OF WHICH, IS PROBABLY BURNING UP THE WIRES OF EVERY POLICE TELETYPE IN THE STATE?

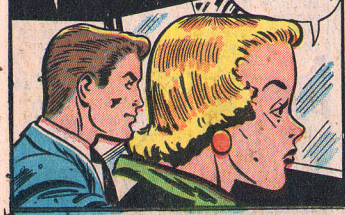


I DOUBT IF HIS HIDEOUT'S IN THE CITY. HE'S PROBABLY HOLED UP IN THE STICKS. HE'LL STAY OFF THE MAIN ROADS. DITTO FOR THE GOOD COUNTY ROADS. TOO MUCH CHANCE OF MEETING LIVELY TRAFFIC. THAT LEAVES THIS NETWORK OF COUNTRY ROADS ---



AT LEAST WE CAN ELIMINATE THOSE THAT LEAD TO HEAVILY POPULATED SECTIONS. PERSONALLY, I LIKE THE RIDGE ROAD. IT LEADS THRU THAT SCRUB COUNTRY NEAR THE BEACH! NO ONE LIVES OUT THAT WAY BUT A FEW SUMMER PEOPLE. IT WOULD BE IDEAL FOR THE ALBINO.

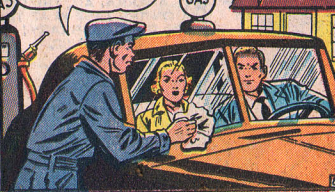
LET'S GET STARTED THEN. WHO KNOWS HOW LONG THE FELLOW'S GOING TO HANG AROUND?



WE DROVE OUT TO THE RIDGE ROAD AND STOPPED AT THE FIRST GAS-STATION WE CAME TO ---

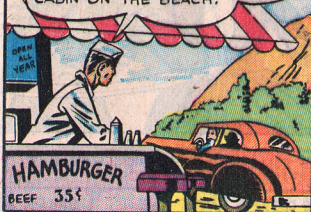
AN ALBINO IN A GREEN PICK-UP TRUCK ABOUT 10.30 THIS EVENING, YOU SAY? NOPE! DIDN'T SEE NOTHIN' LIKE THAT ON THIS ROAD.

HE COULD HAVE PASSED WITHOUT YOU SEEING HIM! THANKS, FRIEND. WE'LL TRY THE STATION UP AHEAD.



BUT IT WAS A GOOD MANY MILES ALONG THE ROAD BEFORE WE HIT PAY-DIRT.

NOT LAST NIGHT, STRANGER, BUT I DID SEE A TRUCK LIKE YOU DESCRIBE COME OUT OF THE BEACH ROAD A COUPLE OF DAYS AGO. IT'S THE FIRST ROAD TO YOUR LEFT, AND IT DOESN'T LEAD ANY PLACE 'CEPT TO A BROKEN-DOWN SUMMER CABIN ON THE BEACH.



I CREEPT SILENTLY TO THE CABIN AND PEERED THRU A CRACK IN ONE OF THE BOARDED UP WINDOWS --

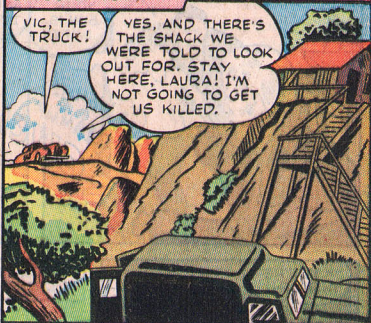
SO, IT WAS THE TATTOO MARKINGS ON MARTIN THAT MADE HIM WORTH KILLING? NOW, I KNOW WHO KILLED SAILOR BARNEY AND WHY IT WAS NECESSARY FOR HIM--ALSO TO KILL MARTIN.



WE FOLLOWED THE BEACH ROAD TO ITS DEAD-END, AND KNEW INSTANTLY WE HAD GUESSED RIGHT --

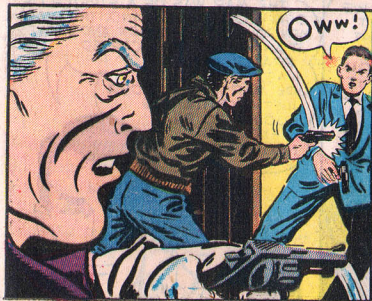
VIC, THE TRUCK!

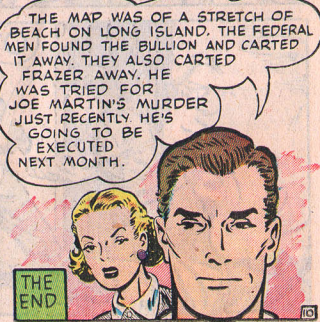
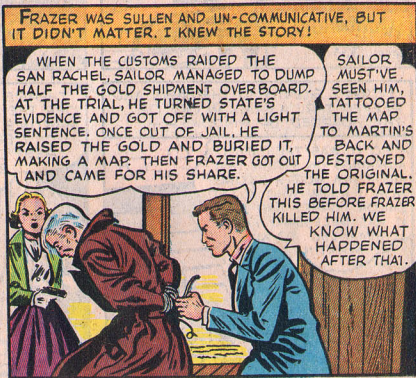
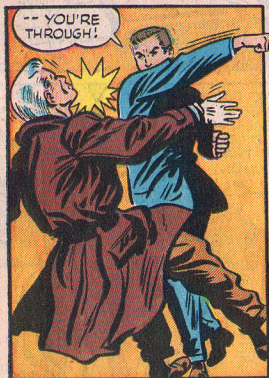
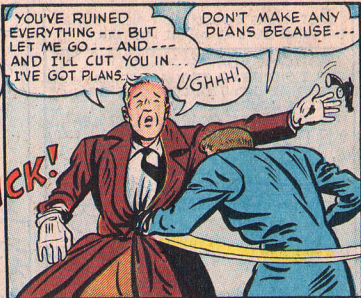
YES, AND THERE'S THE SHACK WE WERE TOLD TO LOOK OUT FOR. STAY HERE, LAURA! I'M NOT GOING TO GET US KILLED.



THERE'S NO POINT IN COPYING OFF THE MAP TATTOOED ON MARTIN'S BACK, FRAZER! YOU WON'T BE DIGGING UP THE REST OF THAT GOLD BULLION.

WHA--? CUTTER!







GAME OF CHANCE

Jack White was not a religious man. He did not believe in Fate and the fact that he was broke, he blamed on his own stupidity, not the stars or spirits.

He had ten dollars in his pocket. His rent was five dollars that meant five dollars between him and starvation. Jack smiled to himself. He had been in the chips once. Now, he was a tramp.

He decided to take a last fling—do or die. He would go to the racetrack. If he was smart, he would make money. If not, he would be completely broke. It made little difference at this point.

At Penn Station, he boarded the race-track special and read the papers. Behind him sat the boasters and braggers, as well as the touts. All were trying to make easy money at the track. "Tips" were being circulated, but Jack paid little attention.

He paid his admission and walked into the grandstand section. He decided that with two dollars it was best to play only long shots. Number five was ten to one. Jack went to the pari-mutuel windows and made his bet. A few minutes later, his horse had won and paid \$22.50 for two.

In the next race, he place \$20 on another long shot. Again, he won. By the end of the sixth race, he'd won \$3,600. Jack knew he should quit. No sense pushing his luck too far, but he decided to make the last bet. He decided to play number two—a four to one shot.

Placing his entire bankroll on number two, Jack waited in the grandstands for the race to start. He felt his hands grow moist with perspiration and the mounting suspense made his body tremble. At post time, he lifted his face toward the sky and whispered a silent prayer. It was the first time that Jack had ever prayed.

The starting bell rang and the horses were off. Number two was leading. Jack was hoarse from cheering. Number one was challenging the lead. Jack rooted even harder, but his horse was giving up the lead. A few seconds later, number one had won. Jack slumped in his chair.

He had asked God for help and He had failed him. Jack was despondent. He had been so close to making a fortune if only . . . But it was all over now. He was a tramp again. He started to tear up the tickets when he noticed the number ONE printed across the face of them. He stared for a moment, not believing what he saw. Then a shy grin appeared on his face, and he looked toward the heavens in gratitude.

When Jack left the racetrack that night, he had \$10,000 in his pockets. He didn't understand what had happened, but he was no longer a cynic. The simple explanation that the ticket taker had made a mistake or that Jack had given the wrong number by accident he discounted. Jack felt that He must have been looking out for him and Jack was happy.

Now, he would be a success, for he had God on his side. Jack whistled happily on the train back to New York. He had found a friend.



MAGIC FORMULA

Chester Mark had been the outstanding athletic student in New Larchmont High. When the medals were distributed, naturally Chester Mark received the Athletic Award.

So, it was with a chip on his shoulder and a feeling of superior prowess that Chester entered New Larchmont University. He tried out for the Junior basketball team and was promptly accepted.

In short order, Chester proved the outstanding player and was named for the all-U team. During trial periods, Chester scored the most points for an individual player.

At the end of practice, Coach Walton called him aside and said, "Chester, you play very well. But you've got to learn to play with the team, not alone. I think I'd better put you on the second team until you get the feel of it."

When Larchmont played Newtown College, Chester sat on the bench and watched. He saw the errors the other team members were making and itched to get into the play.

"Coach, can't I go in now?" he kept saying.

Finally, the coach acquiesced. Chester, eagerly, went on the court and listened to the captain give instructions.

During the play, Chester saw a chance to make a basket. He did it! Newtown was leading 12-4. It was Newtown's ball, the center was dribbling down the court, about to pass. Chester blocked the pass and obtained the ball. Dribbling toward his own basket, he shot the ball and scored again. The score was 12-6. The crowd began cheering!

With five minutes left to play, Chester had tied the game. The coach sent in

a replacement. Chester couldn't understand why.

"But I've tied the score, coach. I gave us an even chance to win. Can't I go back and win the game now?"

"No, Chester. There's more to playing basketball than scoring and winning," the coach said. "It's teamwork and you're not part of the team. Until you learn that, I don't want you playing."

It was the last few minutes of play. Newtown had gotten ahead . . . 14-12. One of the team was hurt. The coach had to send in a replacement.

"All right, Chester," he said.

"I'm going to give you another chance. Go in there and play with the team. If you continue to play for individual score, you're off the team for good!"

Chester raced into the game. The captain gave his instructions. It was New Larchmont's ball. The ball was passed to Chester; he dribbled, passed to Tom; Tom looked over the situation, returned the ball to Chester. Chester darted past his guard and toward the basket; then passed to another team member, who scored the goal!

The score was tied. It was Newtown's ball. Down the end of the court, the team members rated. It was one minute left to play. Chester danced in front of his opponent. He dropped the ball. Chester retrieved it and dribbled toward New Larchmont's basket. Passing to another team member, Chester got under the basket. The other team member shot for the basket and missed. Chester reached up and put the ball into the basket as the finish gun sounded. Newtown won 16-14.

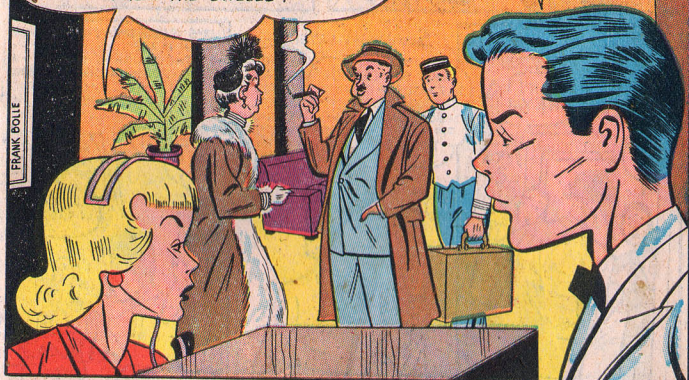
Later, in the dressing room, the coach congratulated the team and Chester personally for their work.

"It was teamwork, coach," Chester insisted. "If the team hadn't worked together, we couldn't have done it. Teamwork, that's what I always say!"

DOT AN' DASH

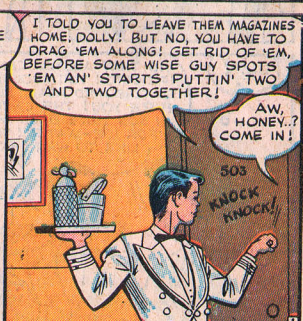
LOOK AT THE JEWELS ON THAT WOMAN, DASH! GEE! THE MONEY THAT WENT INTO THEM, COULD SURE BUY ME A LOT OF \$12.98 DRESSES! HOW-COME WE'RE GETTIN' SUCH A SUDDEN RUSH FROM THE SWELLS?

THEY'RE ALL IN TOWN FOR THE OPERA, DOT! IT OPENS TO-MORROW NIGHT!



GULP!
'ER, -- HELLO, CAP!

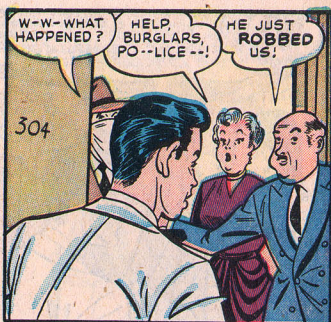
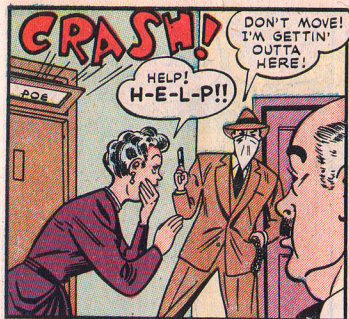
HOW ABOUT DOING SOME WORK AROUND HERE? THE BLAKE'S IN 503 WANT A BOTTLE OF SELTZER AND A BUCKET OF ICE! GET MOVING!



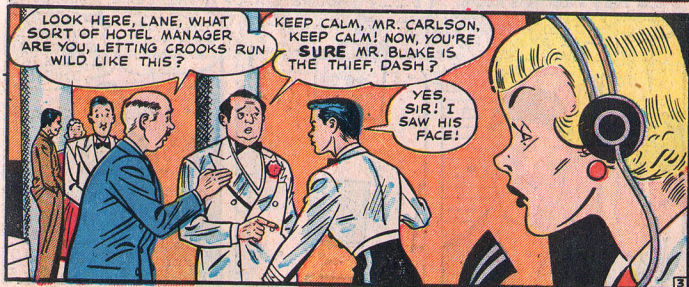
I TOLD YOU TO LEAVE THEM MAGAZINES HOME, DOLLY! BUT NO, YOU HAVE TO DRAG 'EM ALONG! GET RID OF 'EM, BEFORE SOME WISE GUY SPOTS 'EM AN' STARTS PUTTIN' TWO AND TWO TOGETHER!

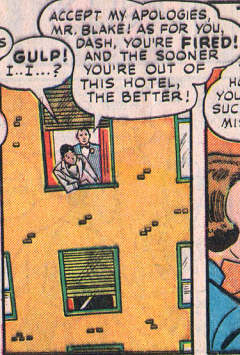
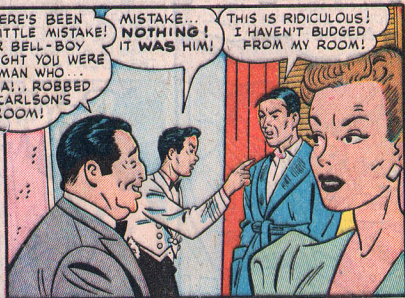
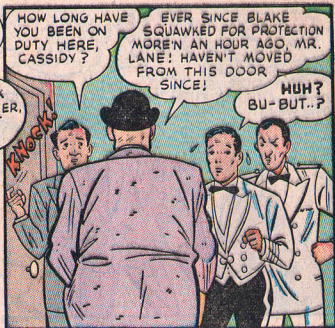
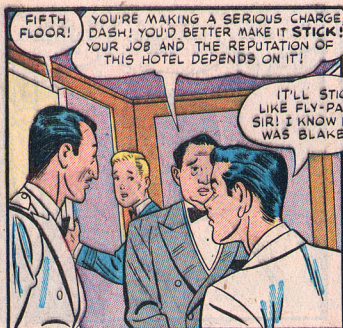
AW, HONEY...? COME IN!

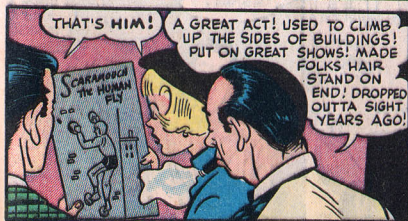
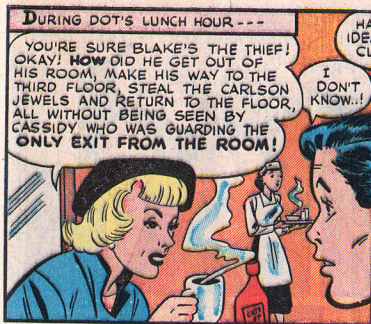
503
KNOCK
KNOCK!



**BLAKE SHAKES
OFF DASH AND LEAPS
INTO THE NEXT ROOM...
DASH IS STOPPED BY
THE DOOR---**







NOW WE KNOW HOW
BLAKE GOT DOWN TO
ROOM, 305! HE USED
SUCTION CAPS ON
HIS HANDS AND FEET,
AND CLIMBED DOWN!

YEAH, WE KNOW, BUT
NO ONE ELSE DOES!
WE WON'T BE BELIEVED,
DOT! WE'VE GOT TO **PROVE**
IT!

I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT--!
LISTEN! REMEMBER
THAT WIRE-RECORDER
YOU BOUGHT A COUPLE
OF MONTHS AGO, THE
ONE WE HAD SO MUCH
FUN WITH?

SURE! I'VE
STILL GOT IT
HOME!

Cocktail
Lounge

LISTEN--!

SWELL! I'LL RUN
HOME AND GET
IT!

LATER--

I'VE GOT IT! GIVE ME
FIVE MINUTES TO GET SET
ON THE FIFTH FLOOR,
THEN DO YOUR
STUFF!

RIGHT! TAKE A WALK, WILL
YOU, GLADY'S I'LL TAKE
THE BOARD!

OKAY,
HONEY!

I HOPE NO ONE RENTS THIS
ROOM TILL WE'RE FINISHED!
H'MM! THE FIVE MINUTES
ARE UP! DOT SHOULD
BE DOING HER STUFF
BY NOW!

505

DASH MUST BE
SET BY NOW BY NOW!
WELL... GULP...
HERE
GOES
NOTHING!

CLANG-
CLANG-
CLANG!

DID YOU
TRIP THAT ALARM?
WHAT'S THE MATTER
WITH YOU? BETWEEN
YOU AND DASH.
I'M GOING
CRAZY!

GOLLY,
CAP, I'M SORRY!
I MADE A
MISTAKE!

I
HOPE
THIS
WORKS!

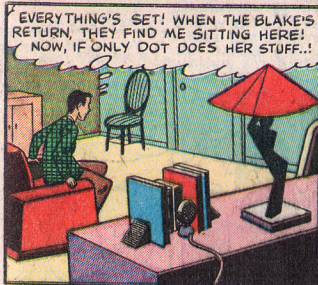


DOT SET 'ER OFF RIGHT ON TIME! NOW, TO UNLOCK THE DOOR BETWEEN THIS ROOM AND THE BLAKE'S!

FIRE! FIRE!



I GOTTA WORK FAST AND GET THIS CONNECTED BEFORE THEY RETURN! WHERE'M I GONNA PUT THE MIKE? H'MMM! THOSE BOOKS GIVE ME AN IDEA!



EVERYTHING'S SET! WHEN THE BLAKE'S RETURN, THEY FIND ME SITTING HERE! NOW, IF ONLY DOT DOES HER STUFF...



ALL RIGHT, PEOPLE, IT'S ALL A MISTAKE! YOU CAN GO BACK TO YOUR ROOMS NOW!

TAKE OVER, GLADYS! I'VE GOT IMPORTANT BUSINESS ON THE FIFTH FLOOR!



FIRST THAT BELL-HOP SPOTTING YOU, THEN THIS PHONY ALARM! IT MAKES ME NERVOUS! LET'S TAKE THE STUFF WE'VE GOT AND BLOW! I--? GULP!

WHAT HIT YOU? YOU LOOK AS IF YOU SAW--? HEY!

HI, SCARAMOUCHE, THE HUMAN FLY! COME IN!



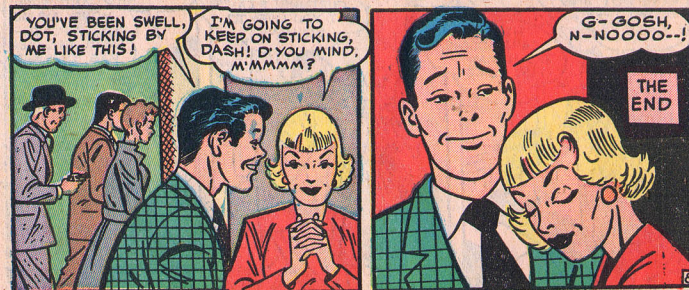
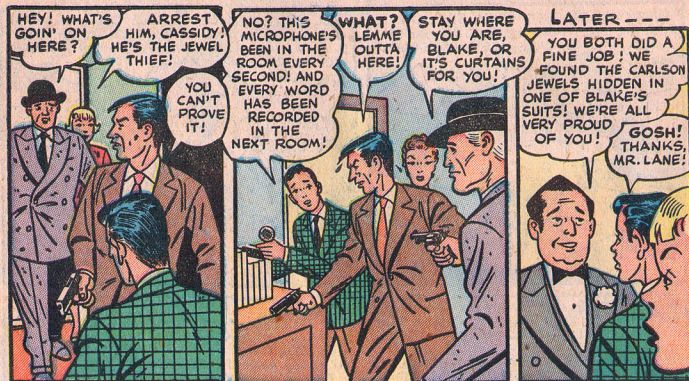
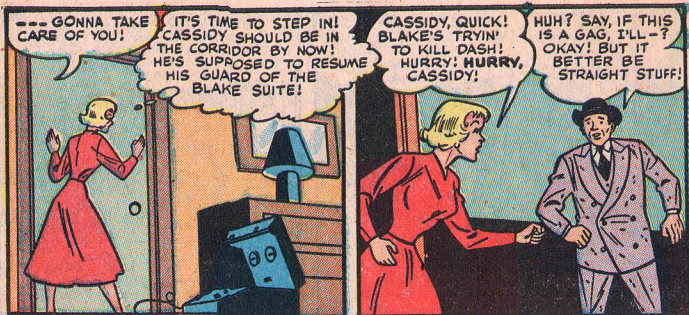
IT'S THE KID THAT SPOTTED YOU IN THE CARLSON APARTMENT!

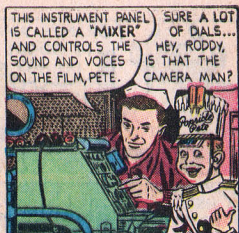
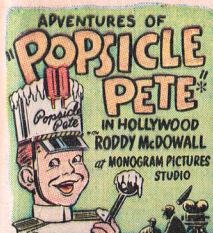
YEAH, AND HE KNOWS WHO I AM! THAT WAS A BAD PLAY ON YOUR PART, KID! IT MEANS A FLYER OUT THAT WINDOW AND CURTAINS! I CAN'T LET YOU LIVE TO SQUAWK!



SO, YOU ADMIT ROBBING THE CARLSON APARTMENT?

WHY NOT? YOU AIN'T GONNA TALK! SURE, I ROBBED THE OLD DAME'S JEWELS! AND WHEN HONEY AN' ME TAKE A POWDER FROM THIS FLEA-BAG, THEY GO WITH US! BUT FIRST, I'M...





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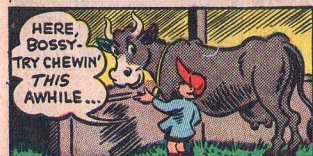
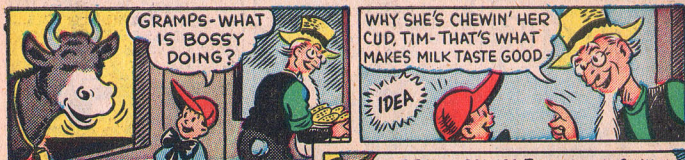
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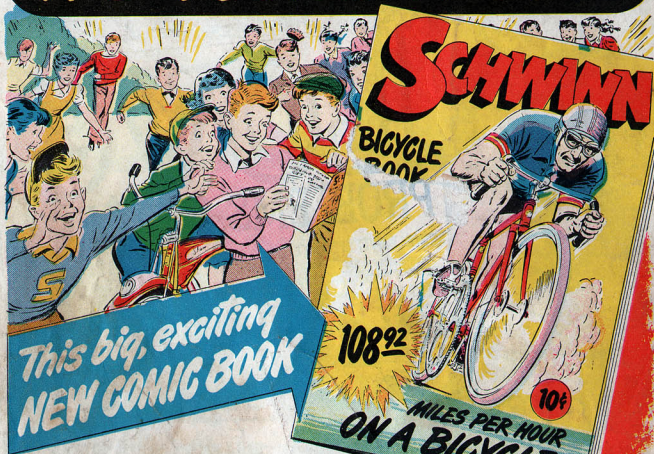
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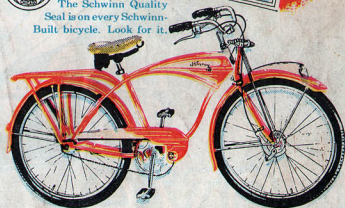
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